3.

JESUS AND THE RESURRECTION.

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A Sermon delivered Sabbath Evening, February 13th, 1859, at the Academy of Music, New York.

I INVITE your attention to-night to a part of the eighteenth verse in the seventeenth chapter of the Acts of the Apostles—

"He preached unto them Jesus and the resurrection."

When a Christian preacher faces an audience, the most of whom he greets for the first time, and may never greet again, he is naturally anxious to fasten upon some theme which shall bear with it the utmost of the burden of the Gospel. Such a theme is Jesus and His Resurrection from the Dead, for from the deserted sepulcher we may look backward upon Calvary, the Garden, the Temple, the streets in which He taught, the river in which he was baptized, the wilderness of temptation, and Bethlehem; and from it we may descry, in prospect, the ascending Lord and the descending Comforter, the exalted mediatorial throne, and the troop of the redeemed going home to glory. It is the climax of the story of redemption. Without the Resurrection, all that goes before were vain, and of all that follows, it is the certain pledge.

When our Lord hung on the cross, the bitterest taunt that was flung upon Him was—"He saved others,

Himself He can not save!" And they laughed in derision. It was true. The Saviour of others could not be a Saviour of Himself, and the arm that had been potent to rescue others from perdition, hung powerless in its own defense. He could not come down from the cross, because to do so would have been to belie the lessons of his life, and forfeit all his claims, to defeat the eternal counsel of Jehovah, give up the struggle with Satan just at the moment of victory, and thus betray His followers, and dash to ruin the last, best hope of a fallen race. And so the lion of the tribe of Judah was led as a lamb to the slaughter, and opened not his mouth.

He is dead. Go away, faithful women! He needs your care no longer. Soldiers, ye need not break His legs to insure death's work. It is done. Take him down from the cross—tenderly—he never harmed anybody in all his life; take off the mock crown; draw the wet nails; compose His stiffened limbs; (how pale!) staunch the red blood; press down the lids over the staring eyes. What peace upon his countenance! "Father, forgive them!" those were His last words. See! His lips even now seem to be parted in the blessed utterance.

But He is dead! Weep, daughters of Jerusalem! Smite your breasts, O people! Confess the faith, convicted centurion, and cry out—"Truly this was the Son of God!" But it is all too late. Put Him upon a bier; bear Him away, for He is dead. A few faithful friends —no nodding plumes above Him; no procession following after—save the unheard tread of the angels on the clouds; no requiem—save the unheard harps of the seraphs above. Shroud Him; bind the napkin

about His head, and lay Him away. It is kind of thee, Joseph, to open thy new sepulcher; thou shalt have thy reward. Roll the great stone to the door; seal it with the king's seal, and set over it a guard.

Friends and enemies alike strove to keep Jesus in the tomb. The one rolled a stone to the door, the other set a zealous guard. But ye can not keep Him, love nor hate!

The night passes away—and the day. The next day is the Sabbath, and the pious women regard its hours too sacred to be profaned, as by many modern Christians, even in visiting the cemetery. The sleep of Jesus is undisturbed. But it was the last Jewish Sabbath. With the earliest dawn of the first day, love speeds the women to the sepulcher. What astonishment! The stone is rolled away! the keepers fled, and in their place an angel! The grave-clothes are laid aside and the napkin by itself! and Jesus—where is He? "He is not here—He is risen!" says the celestial being. "Mary!" speaks the Lord himself, "go tell the brethren." To Peter He appears. "The Lord is risen—is risen indeed!" Swiftly the word flies, and quickly beats each heart. No one asks when or how; no more can we. The greatest transaction in the history of our noisy world, be it known and remembered, was achieved in silence. No mortal ear heard, no mortal eye saw. The Lord came not in whirlwind nor in thunder, nor yet in still, small voice. Jerusalem slept on, while at some unknown hour, with the first faint blush of morn, Jesus calmly arose, unshrouded Himself with deliberation, put aside His grave-clothes, folded the napkin that bound His head, laid it carefully away, and went forth a living man.

But while the mystery of the Resurrection is thus clothed in a glory which no man can approach, let us, as we may, draw reverently near unto the risen Jesus, and, catching the inspiration of His new life, drink it in until with Mary we cry—"Rabboni!" and with Thomas—"My Lord and my God," and shall believe in Jesus and the Resurrection to the saving of our souls.

As the Resurrection of Christ is the center of all Christian doctrine, we may find in it, First, THE CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF THE DIVINITY AND MESSIAHSHIP OF OUR LORD.

It Evinces Divine Power.—Here is a remarkable Being come into the world. His birth is miraculous; His childhood precocious. At twelve years of age He is teaching in the temple; at thirty He goes forth as a public preacher of the Gospel. Behold! At His word, disease flees and health blooms in its place. At His touch, the eyes of the blind are opened, the leper grows ruddy, the deaf man is made to catch the faintest whisper, and the lame man leaps like a deer. The wondering people say, We never saw it on this wise before! He walks on the sea—the liquid pavement yields Him a solid footing; He whispers to the winds, and they are quiet; devils flee at his approach. Thus sporting with the elements and with the spirits of another world, who is this mysterious, mighty Being? The people say, with anxious wonder, What manner of man is this, that even the winds and the sea obey Him? They stood by the grave of a buried friend, while the sisters wept inconsolably over his untimely loss, and they ventured to inquire, Could not this man who opened the eyes of him that was born blind, have caused that even this

one should not have died? And "the Resurrection and the Life" stood with those he loved, weeping and groaning, when suddenly He lifted up His voice and cried, "Lazarus! come forth!" The dead man arose, and the awe-struck people went to their homes, saying, "We have seen strange things to-day!"

This is the life of Jesus Christ, evidencing omnipotence in its every act, and thus furnishing a continued accumulation of testimony to His Divinity, the consummation of which we find in His Resurrection. Dawning with His birth, shooting out in childhood, this evidence shines with a brighter and a steadier glow as life advances, radiates from the cross, and bursts from its temporary night in the full glory of its power. And the two rival wonders of our world are, first, that a *God* should die, and, second, that a *man* should lift Himself from a rock-hewn sepulcher when dead, and thus prove Himself to be the God-man, and Saviour of the world.

Christ's Resurrection proves His Divinity again, *by establishing all His claims.*—He that had said, "I have power to lay down my life—no man taketh it from me, I lay it down of myself," had also declared, "And I have power to take it again!" None but Deity could, without blasphemy, have uttered this sublime self-assertion. And He claimed to be the Son of God, one with the Father, and rested the claim chiefly on His promised Resurrection. "Destroy this temple," He says, "and in three days, I will build it again." They laughed Him to scorn, and when that did not do, they crucified Him, amidst hoarse cries of "Blasphemy!" But now He has proved that every word of those claims was true. He has done what He prom-

ised to do. He has risen from the dead, and the temple destroyed has been rebuilt. In making good those claims, He has invested every one of His words with Divine authority, so that we who now search for truth, can receive Him to-day as all which in life He professed, and in the Resurrection proved Himself to be, "THE TRUTH."

Modern infidelity has assailed the moral character of Jesus, upon the ground that, unless He was God, He was not a perfect human character, because he made claims for Himself which no human being could assert without being convicted of arrogance or blasphemy. And the argument holds good, for, truly, unless Jesus was God, He was not a perfect man. But in the Resurrection He made good those claims, and proved Himself to be that which He had asserted, the living God from heaven.

The Resurrection of Christ proves His Messiahship, *because it is the fulfillment of the Prophecies respecting Him.*—Every event in Jesus' life was the child of prophecy, but the fulfillment of prophecy found its consummation in the forsaken tomb. That sepulchred body is so like the buried truth of prophecy. Its keepers well represent the Scribes and Pharisees who kept the sealed treasures from the people. In the Resurrection of Jesus the seal was broken. The keepers became as dead men. "I am the door," Christ said. Then the door of prophecy was flung wide open, its treasures given to the people, its records made so plain that he who runs may read; the *world* was bid to come and see the place where the Lord lay, and all that long line of evidence coming down from the Garden of Eden to the Cross of Calvary, told that Jesus was the Messiah of whom

Moses and the Prophets spake. In this manner does the Resurrection of Jesus prove to us that He was God and Messiah, even could we set aside the evidence afforded by His life and death.

We present before you a Being dead, and buried in the solid rock, sealed with the king's signet, kept by royal guards, who lifted Himself by unassisted power on the third day, lived on earth for forty days, and then ascended to the clouds. We present before you a Being mysterious in birth, mighty in life, who, claiming to be one and equal with God the Father, either was such or was an impostor or a self-deluded fanatic, resting his claim on the promise that, killed and buried, he would rise again, and who did rise, as promised, and thus verified his claim and proved his teaching true. We present before you, finally, a Being, who was for 4,000 years the theme of all the old prophets, answering everything that was foretold concerning Him, and giving, at last, the complete fulfillment in lifting Himself from the dead. And if this does not constitute an evidence of the Divinity and Messiahship of such a Being, then it is incapable of proof; and the man who hears me, whether Jew or Gentile, and at this day can reject the testimony to the Divinity and Messiahship of the Lord Jesus Christ, has had his heart hardened by some Satanic power, that he might not believe and be converted.

But the Resurrection has for us another glory, and that in a typical sense. Every literal event in the life of Jesus has also a spiritual signification. Thus, His healing of the sick, the lame, and blind was only a representation of His readiness to heal the lame, blind, sick souls, and impart spiritual health. So is it in His

Resurrection. IT IS A FIT TYPE OF THE SPIRITUAL NEW BIRTH, which is therein set forth as no words could manifest it. Thus, as the Lord lay dead, not apparently, but really *dead*, so far as His mortal nature was concerned, so do the souls of all natural men lie spiritually dead; nor only so, but buried—some like Lazarus, some as the maid, some like Dorcas in the upper room. We go among our houses, and it is as among the Egyptians—"there is not a house in which there is not one dead." Friends and enemies alike conspire to keep them in the tomb. Outside they garnish it, but inwardly it is full of corruption. They clog the door which leads to life by a thousand hindrances. Satan's emissaries stand guard in legions ever wakeful, lest his victim should be stolen away. There are sinners in the world, *buried* in its fashions and follies, shrouded in its opinions and customs, so fettered and bound, that it seems impossible to break away from the imprisonment in which they lie. But, as to Jesus dead, there came the glory of the Father, which woke Him from the dead; so there is a time in the history of many dead sinners when for them the morning of the Lord's day dawns. Some life-giving angel rolls away the stone, and penetrates their rocky sepulcher. The breath of God breathes on them; a new impulse creeps through their lifeless frame. Their hearts begin to beat, their lungs to fill; there is *life* there, and Christian friends who mark the change whisper, "Behold he prayeth!"—that is, he breathes—just like a man supposed to be drowned, who breathes faintly once, to the joy of those who stand over him. At last their heavy eyes open, their dull ears listen, and if the emancipation be complete, by-and-by they lift themselves, rise to their feet, and

glancing about them, saying, "This is no place for a living man,"—forsake the tomb and go forth to breathe the free air of heaven, and mingle among the living; then looking on their grave-clothes and saying, "This is no proper vesture for a living man," cast aside their legal fetters, and run the way of God's commandments. Some, indeed, who are truly raised, have not courage to venture out of the stifled tomb, but dwell living among the dead, and some come forth bound head and foot, like Lazarus, so that they can neither walk nor talk. To such the Lord must say, "Loose him, and let him go!"

Following the risen life of Jesus, we shall find it a type of our new life *in its aspirations after God.* So soon as Jesus had risen from the dead, He wanted to ascend to His Father. He was content to remain on the earth only so long as was necessary to satisfy the world of His Resurrection and give His parting blessing. When Mary grasped Him with eager and affectionate hands, as if determined never again to lose Him, He said, "Touch me not," that is—Detain me not—Mary, for I am not yet ascended unto my Father," just as when we in our weakness and ignorance throw our arms tightly about the feet of our dying friends, their spirits aspiring to God, say, "Let me go, for the day breaketh."

"So a soul that's born of God,
Pants to view His glorious face;
Upward tends to His abode,
To rest in His embrace."

The new spiritual life irrepressibly rises to its Father in contemplation and desire, just so far as earthly clogs will permit, waiting upon earth only to do and suffer

God's will, and looking forward to a death-bed as to a Mount of Ascension.

The new life of Christ is a type of the Christian's in its connection with the former life.—Christ risen was the self-same Jesus who had been before for years. Though there hung over Him the mystery of the grave, and though a supernatural glory enveloped Him, yet it was the same man who had lived and loved, who had wept and prayed, had talked and dined and toiled with His fellow-men, and suffered on the cross. It was the identical body which they had laid in the tomb. "Mary," He said, and she knew the voice. Peter recognized His features. And He was to them the same man He had ever been. So it is with ourselves when converted. We are not so changed but that we preserve still identity with our former life. There were even the wounds on our Saviour's body, when He showed them His hands and His feet. Yours, trembling saint, may be a *wounded* life—but it is life!

There is yet more comfort here, for *the new life of Jesus is like our own in its apparent disappearance at times.*—After Jesus had risen from the dead, He was not always in the conscious and observable exercise of His new life. Now He appeared to the disciples when gathered together with closed doors, and anon He had vanished out of sight. They sought to speak to Him, but He was gone—"forever gone!" Forever gone? No! On the next occasion again He mysteriously stood in their midst, gladdening their hearts. So it is not impossible that a genuine spiritual life should have its ebbings and its flowings, its ghost-like vanishings; we had it; we search after it; we look into our hearts;—they are empty, and we say, "It is gone, it is

gone." Shall we say then, alas, that we are dead? Then, anon, in some unexpected moment, perhaps when we are gathered together, with closed doors, in prayer with the disciples, the new life which we had thought to be lost comes bounding back again, and swells every vein, filling our hearts to overflowing, and we know that we are born of God. Let us not say, then, Christian friends, that we are dead or never had life, because we have lost for the time the full sense of being in which we formerly exulted. No! repair rather to the Fountain of Life, drink a fresh draught, and let its vitalizing stream flow through your enfeebled frame.

For the new life of Jesus is but a type of our own, finally, in its *immortality*. Christ rose from the dead never more to die, because He had met Death and vanquished him in his own dark domain. Henceforth, Death hath no power or dominion over Him. So spiritual life, being a spark of the divine nature, wane as it may, can not expire. As galvanized life is not real, so all base imitations will die; all sparks of human kindling will of course fade away and vanish, but the life born of God is as immortal as is the new life of Jesus Christ. Its thread, death can not sever nor eternity wear away. And thus have we found in the Resurrection of Jesus a fitting type of our new life in the Redeemer.

THE RESURRECTION OF CHRIST IS A PLEDGE OF THE VICTORY OF HIS CHURCH.

What is true of the literal body of Christ is true also of His mystical body. Whatever He has done for Himself, He will do also for His bride, the Lamb's wife. The world wars against and crucifies the Church; again and again have her enemies pronounced her dead,

and the powers of darkness held their mad triumphal orgies over her downfall; they have shrouded and buried her deep and sealed the stone, and her friends have mourned in secret; but when the day, the Lord's day for her has dawned, the few faithful ones who have watched through the night of trial, have beheld her rise from her temporary sleep and go forth to victory, "clear as the sun, fair as the moon, and terrible as an army with banners." Such has ever been the history of the Church. The dens and caves of the earth, the dungeons of the Inquisition, have given her a home, but she has grown lusty in them; she has fed on persecutions; her blood has flowed in rivers, but "the blood of the martyrs" has proved "the seed of the Church." Corrupted at Rome and hid in the night of the dark ages, she hailed the morning in the 16th century, when God waked up the spirit of the Reformers; fettered, and weakened, and chilled, in succeeding generations, God again supplied new life by the Wesleys and Whitfield, and on this side, Edwards, with the New England Revival of 1745; and when in our own day again she languished, wounded, weeping, dying, buried in worldliness, God spoke to her once more, and gave her a resurrection morning. He brought her forth from stately stifled cathedrals and funereal formalities to the public platform, and the presence of the great people gave her strength to breathe lustily every day, instead of delicately once a week, and stirred up her laymen to an apostolic zeal and Christ-like activity. No! the Church can never be annihilated. She hath within herself the resurrection power which her Lord held in His mortal frame. With the wear of eighteen centuries upon her, she is a mightier power to-day than ever

before. "God is in the midst of her, she shall not be moved." "The gates of hell shall not prevail against her." Trusting in "Jesus and the Resurrection"—never had Conqueror such a watchword!—she has the certain pledge of victory.

We may see, finally, in the Resurrection of Jesus Christ, BOTH A TYPE AND PLEDGE OF THE RESURRECTION OF THE HUMAN DEAD.

Before the time of our Lord, the doctrine of a universal resurrection was generally unknown. No philosophical speculations ever fully attained unto it, and however elaborately drawn, they vanished at the test of faith. As a heathen orator and philosopher has sadly said of another, whom he admired and reverenced, "I know not how it is; while I read I assent, but when I have laid aside the book, and within myself begun to reflect upon the immortality of souls, all that assent glides away." Paul was mocked for preaching it. "Why," said he, "should it be thought a thing incredible with you that God should raise the dead." But all the impossibilities attending the resurrection of the dead were buried in the Saviour's tomb when He left it. "If Christ rose from the dead, even so them also which are Christ's will He bring with Him at His coming." "But now IS Christ risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept." The pious Jew could not gather his harvest until he had laid the choicest and the best of it as an offering on the altar of the Lord; then he might thrust in his sickle. So of the world's harvest. It could not be gathered until its first-fruits, Jesus Christ, the choicest, the perfect, had been offered in sacrifice to the Lord. That done—

"The angel-reapers may descend,
And Heaven cry 'Harvest Home!'"

And this, Christians, is the pledge of our resurrection from death, and all our hope springs from that tomb—from which Jesus, rising, "brought life and immortality to light."

Over the intermediate state elapsing between *our* death and resurrection, hangs the same vail of mystery which rested on the tomb of Jesus during the three days of burial. We know not all, but this we do know, that when the world's long week is done, and that which is preëminently the Lord's day shall dawn to us, as it did to Him, the Lord Himself shall descend with a shout and the trump of the archangel, and the dead in Christ shall rise first. We shall know ourselves and be known as Jesus was among His friends, for Mary recognized his voice and Peter renewed the old acquaintance, and even Thomas was convinced of the identity of the Lord. So may we suppose that we shall know our friends; and Jesus! we shall know Him, for we shall see Him as He is, and behold His glory. If we have received any wounds for Jesus, it may be our glory to wear the honorable scars. I am sure I should wish to, to all eternity. I do not believe that the wounds of Jesus will ever be effaced, nor would I wish them to be. Let these eyes gaze on them eternally, in a mixture of love and adoration. John saw, as it were, a Lamb that had been slain from before the foundation of the world.

Never were gathered sincerer mourners than they who stood on Calvary. Never tears flowed faster than upon His grave; never was body followed by heartier mourners, though so humble. Alas, alas! our Teacher,

our Healer, our best Friend, our Saviour, our All, is dead—dead—dead. Alas, we had hoped it had been He who should have redeemed Israel! Woman's utmost devotion, man's strongest affection, and the proudest hopes that ever dawned on mortal vision, were pierced on the cross, and went down into the tomb with the corpse of the Lord Jesus. But when He rose did they not all come back again? Yes! Not one was lost, not one was dimmed. They loved more ardently than ever. Their hopes were infinitely brighter, and their faith firmer than ever before. So in the last day, not only shall our bodies and our friends in Christ be restored to us, but every joy and every hope and expectation that has gone down into the night of the grave shall be raised and given back to us. Graves are not dug in the earth alone, nor sepulchers hewn out of the solid rock. Graves and sepulchers are everywhere. The air is full of them. They lie all along our pathway. Sometimes human hearts become but a charnel-house, where wander about only the ghostly memories of former but departed joys.

What become of all the joys and anticipations of youth that are chilled in the disappointments of maturer years? Whither go the idols that have been given up for God? Who takes those whom Death withers in early bud, such as our *Saviour* blessed? What become of all the sacrifices that are made and the gifts that are given for Jesus' sake? Do they perish forever? Is the world only a prelude in its disappointments, to the grand disappointment of eternity? Be still, wild heart! A voice says, "Verily, I say unto you, there is no man that hath left father or mother, or wife or child, for my sake and the Gospel's, but he

shall receive manifold more in this life, and in the world to come, life eternal." There is not a departed joy, or hope, or expectation of the Christian, but will be restored to him in the Resurrection, as to the disciples in the Resurrection of their Lord. I mourn not so much over the body or person of my friend who is gone, as I mourn over the loves and hopes that have been blasted and withered by the same touch of death and buried with him; but the Resurrection of the Lord teaches me that there is a day to dawn when there will be restored to me in heaven all that I have loved and lost; and not more eagerly will I clasp to my arms the forms of those who are dear, than I will lay to my heart those blessed memories which I thought had gone perhaps forever, and which now have come bounding back to me. I care not what or how trivial they may be, they shall all come back! There will not be a treasure over which the jealous eye of the Lord will not watch, and which His careful hand will not restore to the arms and fixed possession of His followers.

Nothing valuable, nothing dear to the Christian, is too trivial to be treasured by the Lord. Nothing good perishes. It is impossible. Out of the world's wreck, all that is worth saving will be saved. Every corner of the creation will be searched, the sea shall give up the dead that are in it, and death and the grave shall give up the dead that are in them. The trivialities of life!—who does not know, though he may blush to have it said, that the dearest and most intimate affections of the heart are often called forth by objects so slight that we would not have another know it—the little things which we have laid away in a corner of our hearts and upon which we doat so fondly? Has

not a parent's fountain of tears been broken up by the sight of a little stray shoe, which once imprisoned a tiny foot that is since enshrouded in the grave? Who does not confess this element of our natures—not of human weakness, but of human power? In the great day of the Resurrection there will be nothing missing. The Jesus who, in the mighty act of conquering Death, remembered to lay aside his shroud with care, and folded the napkin and put it away in a place by itself, will overlook nothing. The widow's mite will be returned a thousand-fold into her bosom as a mine of overflowing wealth. The cup of cold water given to a disciple will flow back a fountain of everlasting joy. Nothing, I care not whether it be a soft ringlet or the memory of a child's smile, that has been cherished by a saint of the Lord, but will be sacredly preserved, while the earth returns to chaos, and given back to Him. Our cemeteries are God's conservatories.

Oh, then, what a glorious morn will the resurrection morning be! Methinks I see the glad procession coming up!—a multitude to which the throng I behold to-night is but a drop in the vast ocean, whom no man can number! I see them coming up in robes of white, with crowns of everlasting joy upon their heads and palms of victory in their hands. I hear their shouts of gladness as they cry, "Victory! worthy is the Lamb that hath redeemed us!" Fathers and mothers grasp children long lost. Husbands and wives, separated many centuries, fall again into each others' arms. I hear a voice which calls my own name! I start as did Mary when Jesus gently uttered that word—"Mary!" That voice! * * * * * I had dreamed of it all through my life, ever since my boyhood. I know it—and

the child is clasped in the arms of its mother, who cries out, "My son!" and the child looks up and whispers, "Mother!" in the old familiar strain, and rests again in the bosom that gave it life. I behold these reunions; no one comes alone or empty-handed, but all go up with arms full and laps laden with treasures which the grave and the sea had buried, but which now are all restored forever with the coming back of Jesus.

Here, my friends, I would pause in the midst of this delightful and transcendent picture. But, did you ever think of this, *that our Lord, after His Resurrection from the dead, had nothing more to do with the wicked?* He never spoke to one. No Pharisee ever argued with Him more. No publican sat at meat with Him. He said to no daughter of sin, "Thy sins are forgiven thee, go and sin no more." No more sick were healed; no more dead raised. His work was all over. So shall it be in the Resurrection of the dead. After that event, if you are not found in Christ and having a part in the first Resurrection, Christ and the redeemed will have nothing more to do with you. All who are in Christ will be taken to be with him, and separated from you by a fixed and impassable gulf. And there now rises before me another scene of fearful nature; of weeping and partings, where fathers and mothers are torn asunder from their children, husbands and wives from each other, and pastors from their people, the one rising to glory and immortality, the other to everlasting shame and contempt. Have you a friend in Christ who has died before you? Then he will disappear from your vision forever and ever! Has an unbelieving parent a child who has learned to love the Saviour? Then will that child be placed forever beyond his or her

reach or voice. In the lake that burns with fire, sinking always, crying out vainly for a messenger from the upper world to bring to him a drop of water, the victim of disappointment, the prey of remorse, the soul separated from all the redeemed abideth forever where is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, and the smoke of torment ascendeth forever and ever.

Nor only so, but as in the resurrection of those who have died in the Lord there will come back also every hope and joy and love, so to you a despairing voice shall say—"None of these things shall ever be yours, no, not so much as in the dream or vision of a moment." These blessings, lent to earth, belong not here but above, and in that day shall all take homeward wing to heaven. You shall lose them forever, for "the expectation of the wicked shall perish." The deluded wretch who sought the world and died disappointed will awake to everlasting disappointment. Nay, more than this; if there has been a moment of anguish in your life, if ever a pang of remorse has stung your heart, if ever an hour of deep sorrow, or the agony of hopeless despair, ah, *that* shall come back with evil power! There will be to you a resurrection of every evil thing experienced in the world, which will crowd upon your soul and go down with you to the abode of the lost, where home there is none. There is not a tear which has been wrung from your eye that will not then be wept over again; not a groan that has been heaved from your agonized spirit that will not then be groaned over again. Not an evil befalls you in life but is the precursor of sorrow to be realized in the eternal future.

Oh, then—flee, FLEE from the wrath to come! Lay hold on eternal life! Flee to the dying, the dead, the

living Lord, who ever liveth to make intercession for us. The harvest is passing, the summer will end, and when the autumn has come, and the wheat has been gathered into the garner, He will burn up the chaff with unquenchable fire.